Pal. Lets to the king, who, were he
A quarter carrier of that honour, which
His Enemy come in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health, which were not ſpent,
Rather laide out for purchaſe: but alas
Our hands advanc'd before our hearts, what will
The fall o'th ſtroke doe damage?
Arci. Let th'event,
That never erring Arbitratour, tell us
When we know all our ſelves, and let us follow
The becking of our chance. *Exeunt.*

Scæna 3. *Enter Pirithous, Hipolita, Emilia.*

Pir. No further.
Hip. Sir farewell; repeat my wiſhes
To our great Lord, of whoſe ſucces I dare not
Make any timerous queſtion, yet I wiſh him
Exces, and overflow of power, and't might be
To dure ill-dealing fortune; ſpeede to him,
Store never hurtes good Gouernours.
Pir. Though I know
His Ocean needes not my poore drops, yet they
Muſt yeild their tribute there: My precious Maide,
Thoſe beſt affections, that the heavens infuſe
In their beſt temperd peices, keepe enthroand
In your deare heart.
Emil. Thankes Sir; Remember me
To our all royall Brother, for whoſe ſpeede
The great Bellona ile ſollicite; and
Since in our terrene State petitions are not
Without giftes underſtood: Ile offer to her
What I ſhall be adviſed ſhe likes; our hearts
Are in his Army in his Tent.
Hip. In's boſome:
We have bin Soldiers, and wee cannot weepe
When our Friends don their helmes, or put to ſea,
Or tell of Babes broachd on the Launce, or women

That

That have ſod their Infants in
The brine, they wept at killin
You ſtay to ſee of us ſuch Spin
Should hold you here for e ver
Pir. Peace be to you
As I purſue this war, which ſh
Beyond further requiting.
Emil. How his longing
Followes his Friend; ſince his
Though craving ſerioufnes, an
His careles execution, where
Made him regard, or loſſe con
Playing ore buſines in his han
Directing in his head, his minc
To theſe ſo diffring Twyns; ha
Since our great Lord departed
Hip. With much labour:
And I did love him fort, they
In many as dangerous, as poor
Peril and want contending, t
Torrents whoſe roring tyran
I'th leaſt of theſe was dreadful
Fought out together, where D
Yet fate hath brought them of
Tide, weau'd, intangled, with
And with a finger of ſo deepe
May be outworne, never und
Theſeus cannot be umpire to
Cleaving his conſcience into t
Each ſide like Iuſtice, which
Emil. Doubtleſſe
There is a beſt, and reaſon has
To ſay it is not you; I was acq
Once with a time, when I enjo
You were at wars, when ſhe t
Who made too proud the Bed
(which then lookt pale at par
Was each a eleven.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Two Noble Kinsmen* (STC 11075) LONDON, 1634 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C